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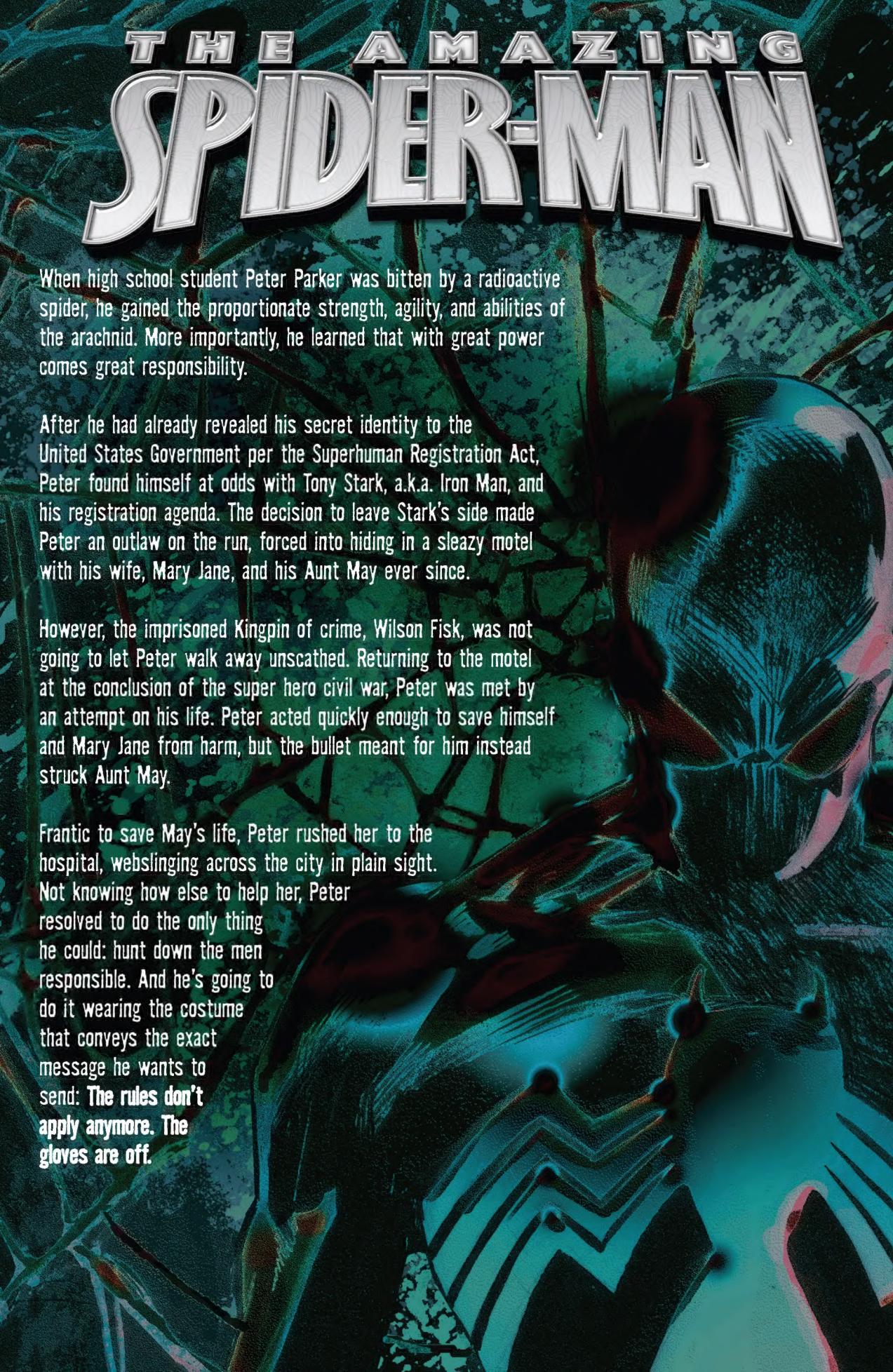
STRACZYNKI • GARNEY

# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

BACK IN BLACK



# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

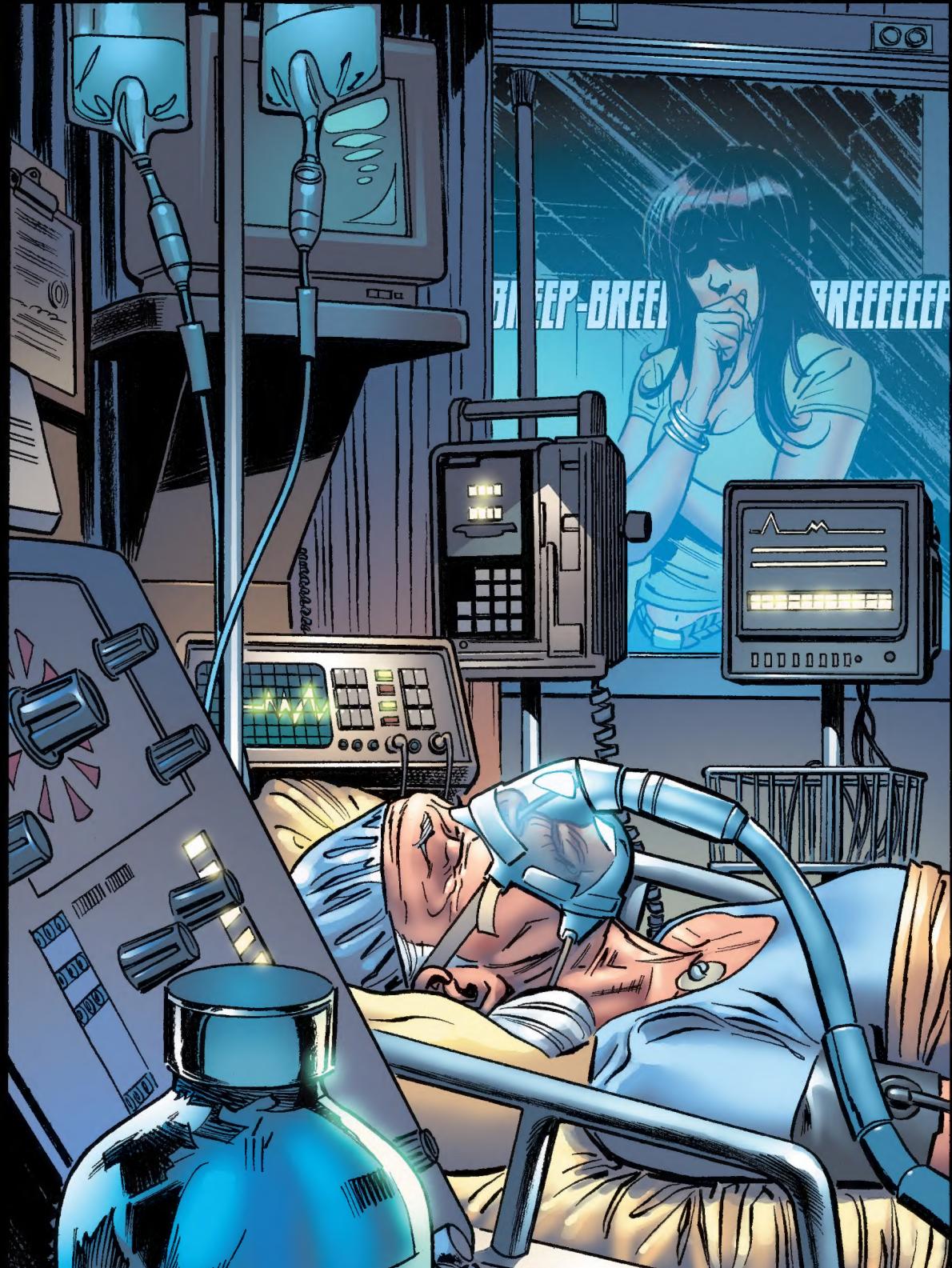


When high school student Peter Parker was bitten by a radioactive spider, he gained the proportionate strength, agility, and abilities of the arachnid. More importantly, he learned that with great power comes great responsibility.

After he had already revealed his secret identity to the United States Government per the Superhuman Registration Act, Peter found himself at odds with Tony Stark, a.k.a. Iron Man, and his registration agenda. The decision to leave Stark's side made Peter an outlaw on the run, forced into hiding in a sleazy motel with his wife, Mary Jane, and his Aunt May ever since.

However, the imprisoned Kingpin of crime, Wilson Fisk, was not going to let Peter walk away unscathed. Returning to the motel at the conclusion of the super hero civil war, Peter was met by an attempt on his life. Peter acted quickly enough to save himself and Mary Jane from harm, but the bullet meant for him instead struck Aunt May.

Frantic to save May's life, Peter rushed her to the hospital, webslinging across the city in plain sight. Not knowing how else to help her, Peter resolved to do the only thing he could: hunt down the men responsible. And he's going to do it wearing the costume that conveys the exact message he wants to send: **The rules don't apply anymore. The gloves are off.**



# BACK IN BLACK

PART  
2  
OF 5

J. MICHAEL  
STRACZYNSKI  
WRITER

RON  
GARNEY  
PENCILER

BILL  
REINHOLD  
INKER

MATT  
MILLA  
COLORIST

VC'S CORY  
PETIT  
LETTERER

MICHAEL O'CONNOR  
ET DANIEL KETCHUM  
ASST. EDITORS

AXEL  
ALONSO  
EDITOR

JOE  
QUESADA  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DAN  
BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER

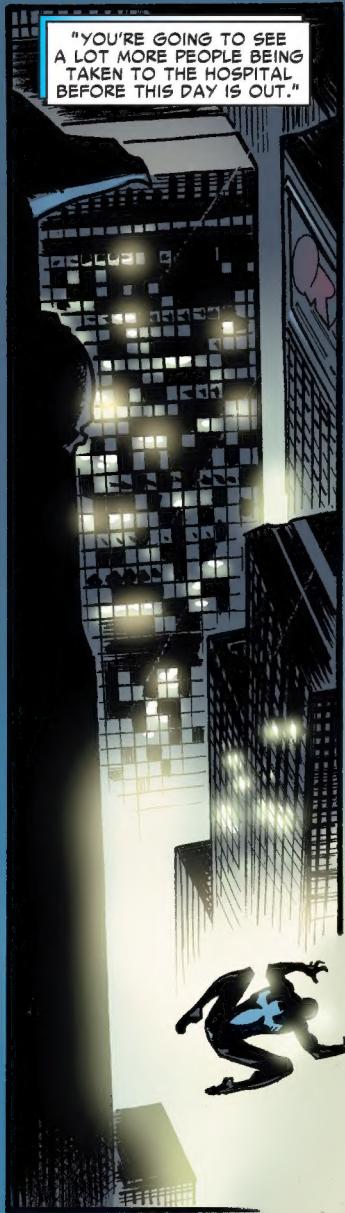




OKAY,  
I--  
--GOD,  
MJ, JUST...  
GOD...  
--I'LL CHECK  
IN EVERY CHANCE I  
GET, BUT IF ANYTHING  
CHANGES, AND I MEAN  
ANYTHING...CALL.



"YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT MORE PEOPLE BEING TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL BEFORE THIS DAY IS OUT."



The only lead I've got is a list of four names, black-market gun dealers who sell an extremely high-end sniper scope. Guys who don't like to rat out their customers.

But I can fix that.

Very--

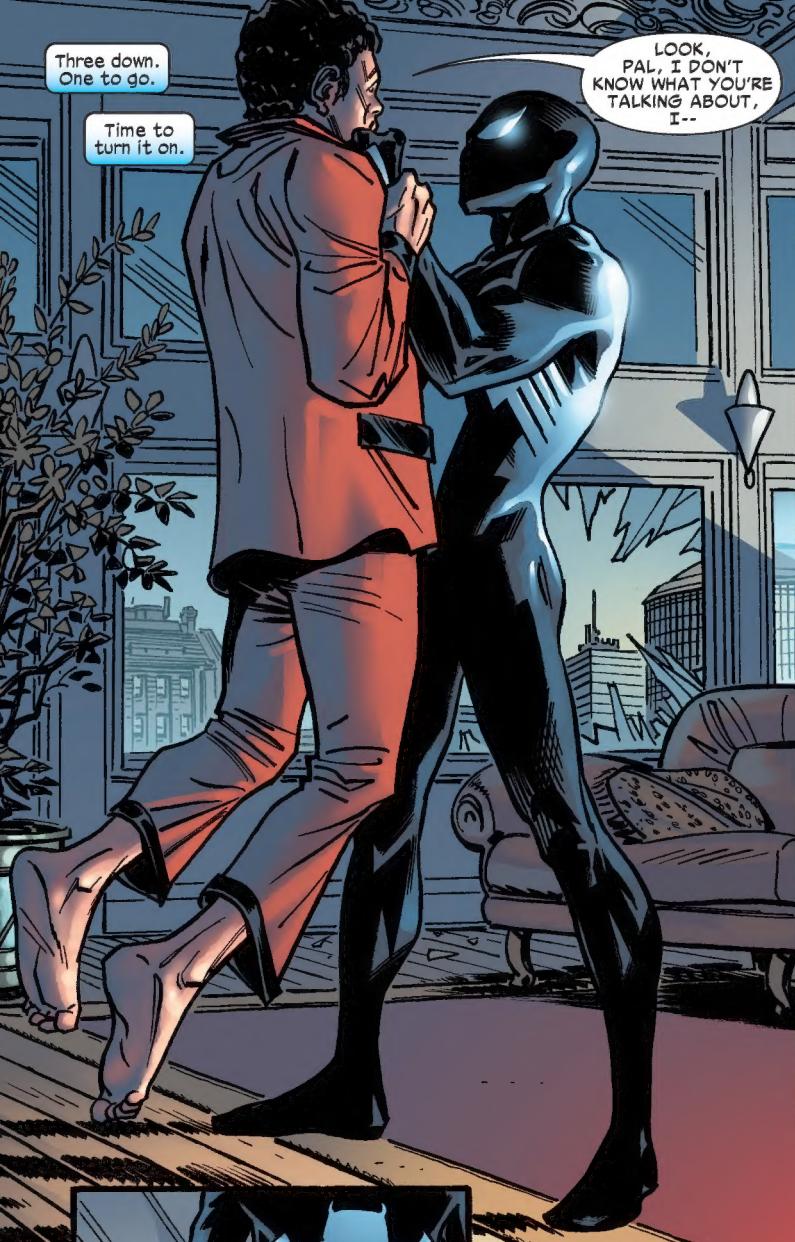
--VERY--

--quickly.

Three down.  
One to go.

Time to  
turn it on.

LOOK,  
PAL, I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING ABOUT,  
I--



WOOOO!





He does  
as I ask.

The first two names belong  
to rich hunters who like to cut  
down the odds when it's them  
and a safari party against an  
animal half a mile away.

But the  
third name...

...the THIRD  
name...

...was the name I'd  
come looking for.



Jake Martino. A hit man working freelance around the country, doing jobs nobody else wanted. Which meant his attack on us wasn't personal, somebody hired him. The question now is who.

The dealer said Jake had friends in high places, that he was connected. Untouchable.



Well, he's about to GET touched. But first I need to find out where he is, and I don't have a lot of time. He might already be getting ready to bug out.



So I decide to cut through the red tape.

LOOK, PAL, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO DO THIS IN AN ALLEY--

S'NOT MY FAULT...I HADDA LOT TO DRINK, AND WHEN YOU GOTTA GO, YOU GOTTA GO--



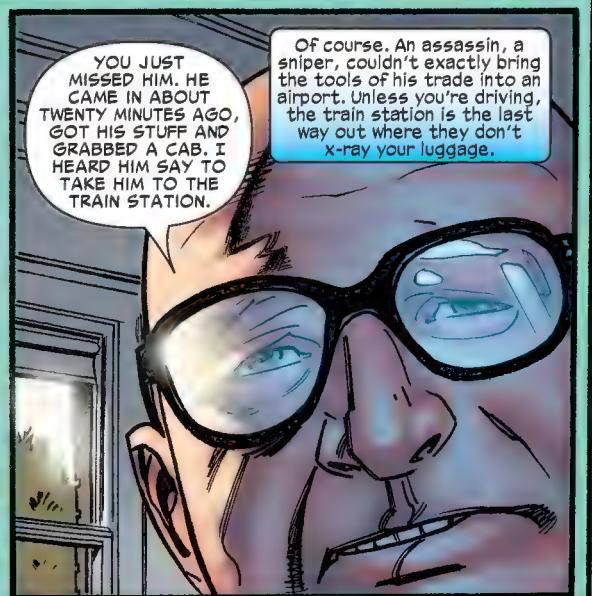
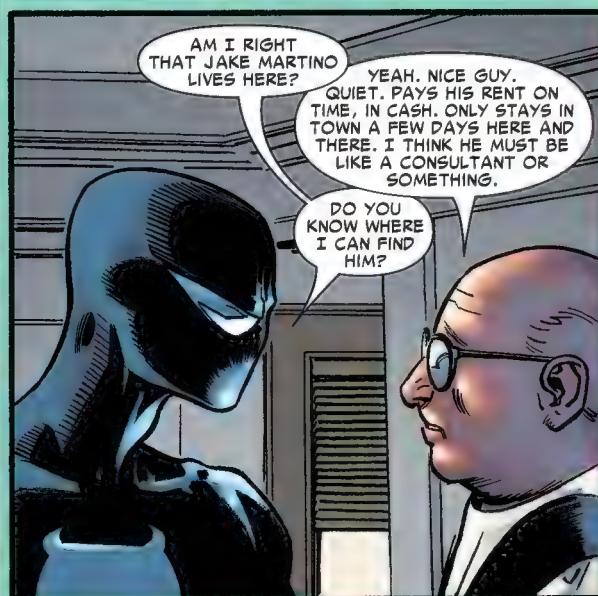
LOOK, WE ALL GOT PROBLEMS. I GOTTA GO TOO, BUT I WAIT UNTIL I GET SOMEWHERE THAT I CAN--

UHM, MAC?



THAT MAY NOT BE AN OPTION.





THANKS FOR  
THE HELP, NOW I  
HAVE TO--

WHAT,  
YOU CAN'T USE  
THE DOOR LIKE  
A CIVILIZED  
PERSON?

LISTEN, YOU OUGHTA KNOW...  
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY GUY  
LOOKING FOR JAKE! TWO OTHER  
GUYS WERE JUST HERE! YO!  
DIDJA HEAR ME?

I heard him. My guess is that  
whoever hired him is looking to  
slam the door, make sure I can't  
find out who ordered the hit.

Which makes it  
all the more vital  
that I find him  
before they do.

The question is, how do I  
find this guy when I don't  
know what he looks like, or  
where he's going? He could  
still be waiting, or he could  
already be on a train and  
halfway to Newark by now.

There's just one chance, assuming he hasn't already left.

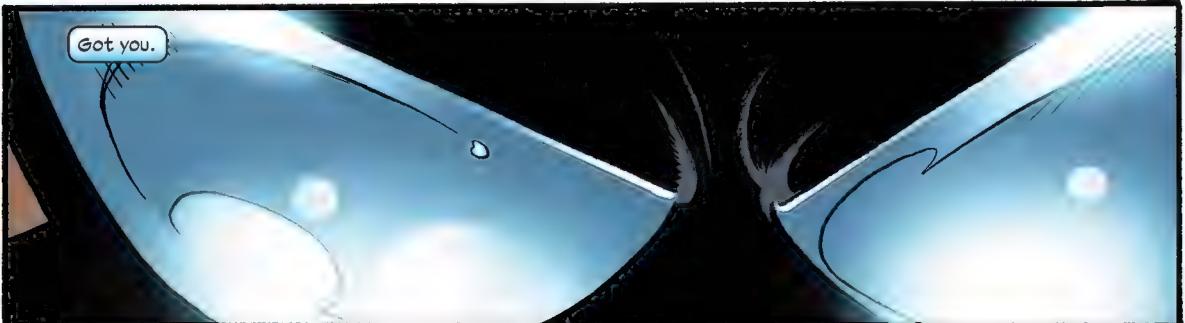
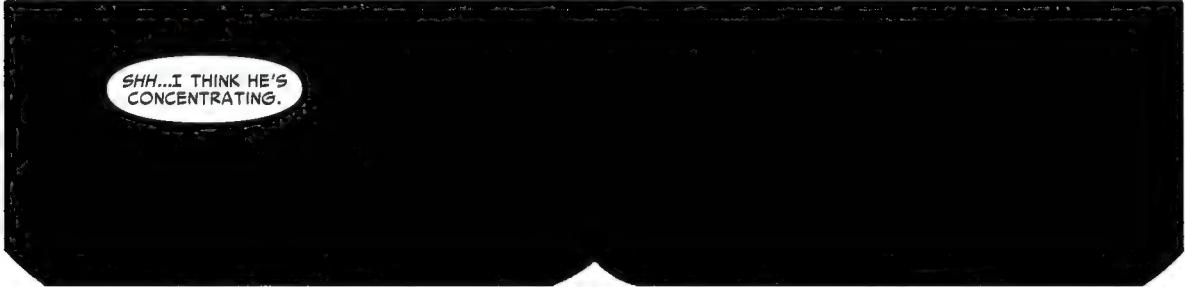


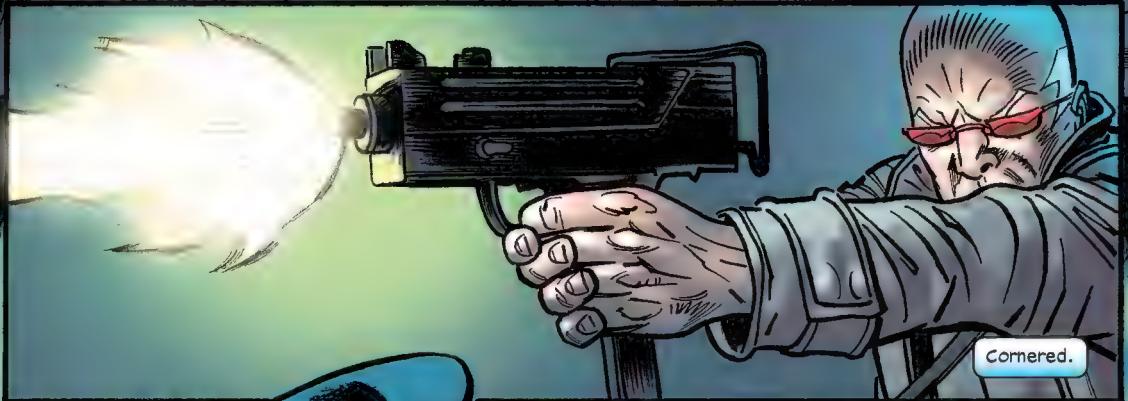
This guy tried to kill me and my family, so when he sees me, my guess is that he'll react big-time.

And with any luck, his reaction will be enough to trigger my spider sense.

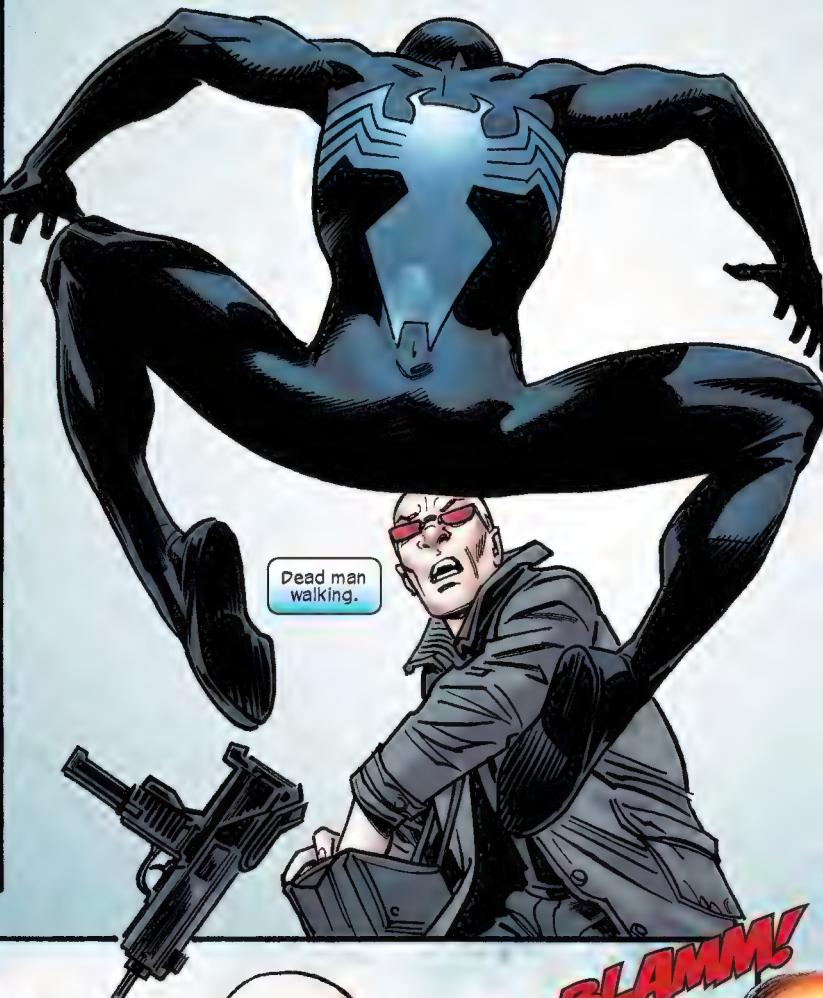
HEY,  
WHATCHOO  
DOIN' HERE, SPIDEY?  
YOU NEED A LIFT  
SOMEWHERE?



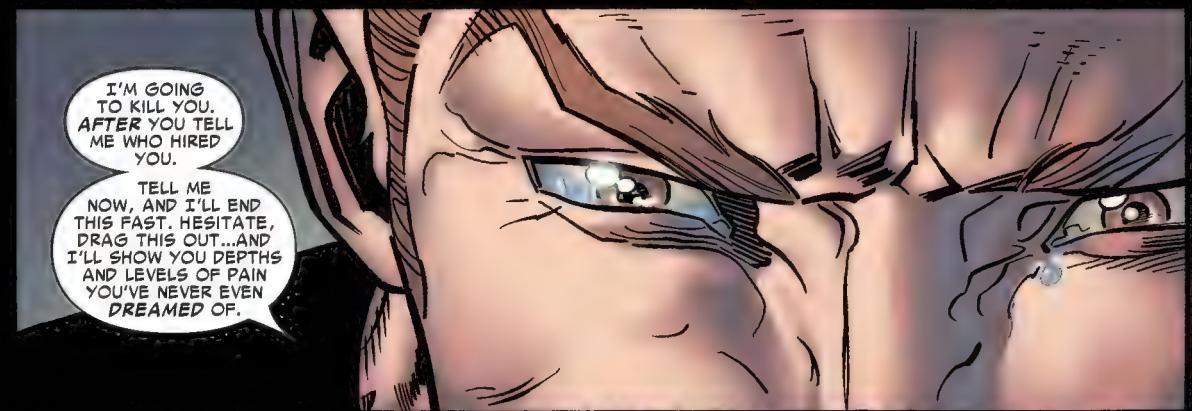
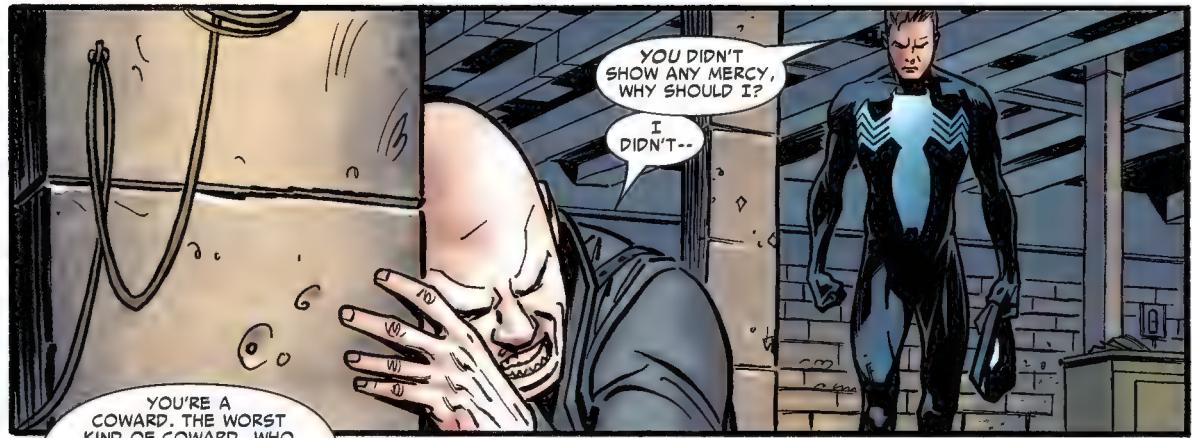


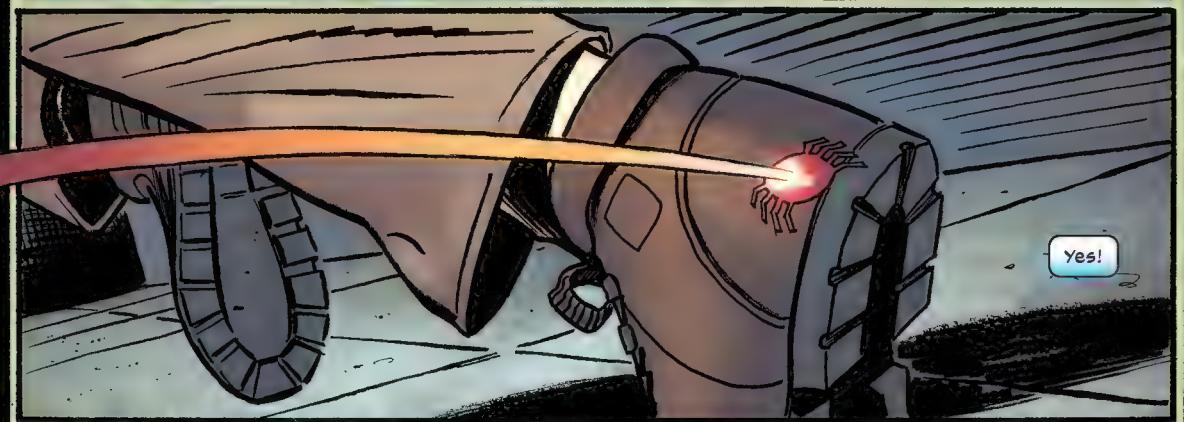


Doomed.





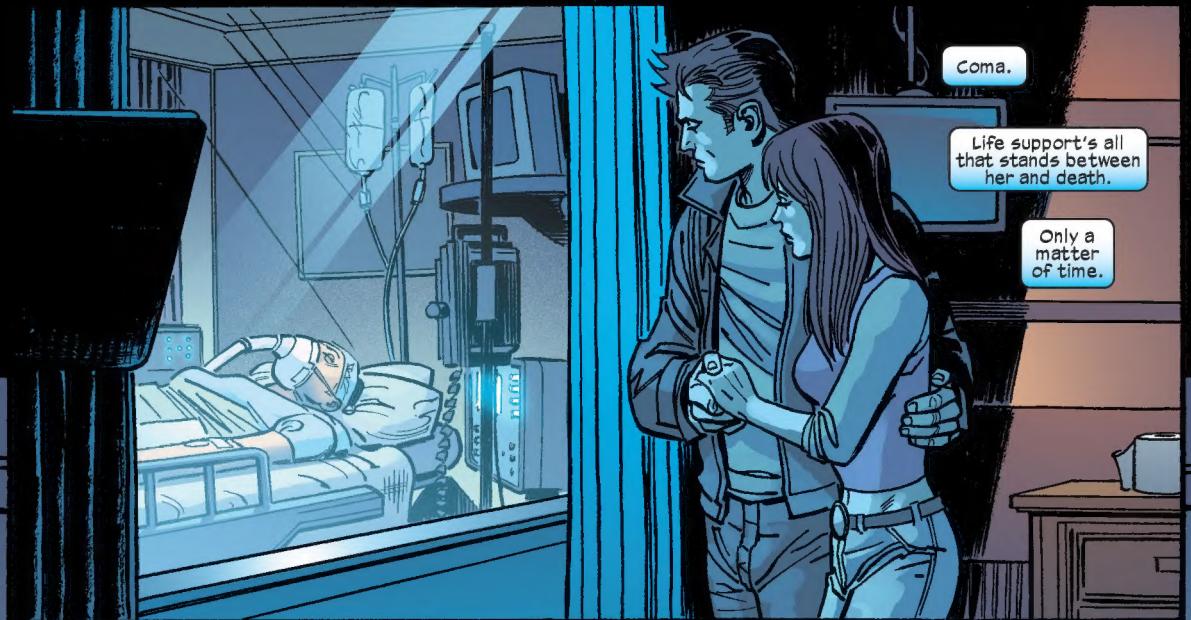






But I discover the universe is still capable of dramatic irony as we pull into the same hospital where May is being treated.





A matter of time.



IT'S OKAY, MJ,  
WE'LL GET THROUGH  
THIS, WE'LL SAVE HER  
SOMEHOW. AS LONG AS  
SHE'S ALIVE WE CAN'T  
STOP FIGHTING. IT'S  
NOT OVER.

WE'LL  
SAVE HER. WE  
WILL.  
SOMEHOW.



Then I feel the proximity of the spider tracer...feel someone touching the web that has become my life.

And I know it's time.

YEAH, HE'S GONE. NO, AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE DIDN'T TALK. DIDN'T HAVE TIME. WE TOOK CARE OF IT.



PSST...  
HEY,...  
MISTER...  
HEY--  
YOU GOT ANY OTHER INSTRUCTIONS?

SORRY,  
I DIDN'T HEAR  
YOU, I--



SHHHHH....  
MMPTH!!

--WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT FROM THERE.





# NEXT ISSUE:



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